OUR NEIGHBOR MARS.

Now comes the famous astronomer or Worthington, to support sesor Lowell's idea that Mare is inhabited by a superior race of beings; that they are far ahead of the human race that people the earth. They must be entirely different, for all the physical conditions are wholly unlike those on the earth. Water there boils at 110 degrees, and the atmosphere is less dense and both are slowly disappearing. This fact, according to the evolutionary idea, will cause the physical natures of the people there to change or it will soon be a dead world. Its destiny is very interesting to us, for what will become of the Martian people will become of us. This whole universe started with mind. Its first objective force was light; and then on to every form of matter. Mars is going back to its first estate, and its dwindling material forces are being succeeded by spirit. The receuing air and water have excited their intelligence to the utmost to provide physical conditions in harmony with their needs. This very effort has lifted beem up to a higher intellectual plane. So Mars teaches the doctrine, from matter to spirit,, and probably, some day, the earth will learn the lesson.

Candles in birthday cakes is a German custom adopted into this country. The candles are equal in number to the years of the celebrant. A thick one in the middle is called the "lebenslicht" (the light of life). Only he or she who celebrates his birthday may put out the "light of life;" it is unlucky if done by any other member of the family. We see in the lights the symbols of life and its portions the years: and what sign for them could be more beautiful than light? Death was represented by the ancients as the genius with a turned down torch When we refer to a man living too Inst we say "he is burning the candle at both ends." One of the folktales collected by Bechstein shows death introducing a man into a cavern and showing him a number of candles burning, some nearly burnt to the end. These candles represent the lives of men. Macbeth, speaking of life, says: "Out, out, brief candle." Undoubtedly light being taken as the symbol of life was the suggestion of candles for the birthday cake.

American architecture has two starting points-the home and the office. In both it has done much copying and experimenting, and made not a few mistakes. But in both it is winning to solid ground at last and achieving new, beautiful and lasting work. The typical office building is the steel skyscraper. This, when treated as a sky scraper, is one of the most impressive forms of architecture on earth. Not to mention · local examples, the West street and Woolworth buildings in New York, have a beauty all their own-a towering grandeur which owes little to buildings of any earlier age. No single type of building will become universal as a home in a country as vast as America. The colonial house, the "mission" house, the bungalow and many other forms are used by progressive architects. The French chateau has left a lasting impress on the designs of more costly homes. But the age of imitation is past. Homes nowadays are being built for comfort and beauty, not in servile copy of "classic" styles.

Judging by the amount they are alleged to expend for music it would seem that the inhabitants of the United States, of all people in the world, should be free from inclination to "treason, strategem and spoils," For why? Eecause they have music in their souls! John C. Freund, the veteran editor of Musical America. declares that the Americans spend for music the enormous sum of \$600,000,-000 per year. Mr. Freund seems to think the aggregate cost of maintaining the army and navy in time of peace is \$100,000,000 per annum. In fact, in 1912 it was half as much again. or nearer \$306,000,000 per annum. Perhaps his estimate of the cost of music is as much too high as his estimate of the cost of the army and navy is too

A university girl in her commencement oration declares "freedom has degenerated." This statement from such a source will, no doubt, make the leaders of the nation sit up and take notice.

A sea serpent with a head as big as a barrel has been sighted off Long Island. This fact shows that notwithstanding the iconoclasm of the age, the old familiary traditions are firmly rooted in the affections of the

A billy goat held up Broadway trafne for 12 minutes the other day before it could be captured. Generally epeaking. New York does the job much quicker than that.

Now that human sacrifices have natrated the filmsy and danger pity that human foresight fed generally comes after.



SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his saughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined oid lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Esrnice Iverson. A stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm, Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parior. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick position in ta promise from father to let Berny
Stranger sees Berny in restaurant,
rently recognizes her, and follows
come. The stranger, who is Buford,
actor, calls on Dominick.

CHAPTER XX .- Continued.

A moment later, Buford entered, smiling, almost patronizingly urbane and benign. He was dressed with a rich and careful elegance which gave him a somewhat dandified air. After bestowing upon Dominick greetings that sounded as unctuous as a benediction he took his seat at the end of the cozy corner facing the door which led into the hall. From here he looked at the young man with a close, attentive scrutiny, very friendly and yet as though his mind were not in the intimate customary connection with the words that issued from his lips. This suggestion of absence deepened, showed more plainly in an eye that wandered to the door, or, as Dominick spoke, fell to the carpet and remained there, hidden by a down-drawn bush of eyebrow. Dominick was in the middle of a query as to the continued success of the "Klondike Monologue" when the actor raised his head and said politely, but with a politeness contained a note of nate nno eagerness beneath it:

'Is Madame at home?" "No, she's not at home," said Madame's husband. "But she may be in any moment now. She generally goes out for the afternoon and gets back about this time."

"Perhaps you can tell me," said Buford, looking sidewise at his gloves and cane as they lay on the end of he divan, "who-you'll pardon my seeming curiosity, but I'll explain it presently-who was the lady that came in here last night at about halfpast seven?

He looked up and Dominick was suddenly aware that his face was charged with the tensest, the most showed a hungriness of anticipation that was almost passionate. The young man was not only surprised at the

expression but at the question. I haven't an idea," he said. wasn't at home to dinner last night. and didn't get in till late. Why do you want to know?"

"For many reasons, or for one, peraps-for one exceedingly important

He paused, his eyes again turned slantingly on the stick and gloves, his lips tight-pressed, one against the

"How did you know any woman came in here last night at that hour? Did you come up to call?" asked Dom-

-no-" the other spoke with quick impatience evidently from the long, there was no demand made of surface of his mind, "no, it was-at a sacrifice of conscience, and I confess first, anyway-purely accidental. I that I felt much freer and more consaw the woman-and-and-afterward tented than I had in the church. saw ber enter here. Mr. Ryan," he said suddenly, looking at his vis-a-is with piercing directness and speaking with an intensity of urgency that was house-Mrs. Heeney's, a most elealmost a command, "can you give me half an hour of your time and your full attention? I want to speak to you of a matter, that to me, at least, is of great-the greatest-importance. You can help me; at least you can, I hope, throw some light on what is a dark subject. Have I your permission to talk freely to you, freely and at

Dominick, who was beginning to feel as if he were in a play, and was Mided, remarking:

"Why, certainly, go on. If I can be of any help to you or explain anything for you, nothing would give me

The actor dropped his glance to the floor for what seemed an anxiouslyconsidering moment, then he raised his head and, looking directly at his host, said:

"You may remember that, while at Antelope, I once spoke to you of having been married-of having, in fact, been unfortunate enough to lose my

wife. Dominick remembered, but it seem ed imperfectly, for he said in a doubtful tone, which had more than a suggestion of questioning: "She-er-she died?"

"No." said the other "she did not die. I lost her in a way that I think was more painful than death. She left me, voluntarily, of her own free will." "Oh, of course," said the young man hastily. "I remember perfectly, one

I mentioned the subject to you. On and agreeable young lady, Miss Canfully of my domestic sorrows. But to you I made but that one allusion. May I now, more at length, tell you of the misfortunes-I may say tragedy-of my married life?"

Dominick, mystified, nodded head. He could not imagine why Buford should come to him at this particular moment and in this particularly theatrical manner with the history of his domestic troubles. But he was self more than ever like a character in a play, said:

"Go on, tell me anything you like And if in any way I can be of use to you, I'll be only too happy to do it " ward excitement showing through the

"I'll go back to seven years ago, when I was in Chicago. Previous to that, Mr. Ryan, I will tell you in confidence I had been a preacher, a Methodist, of good reputation, though, I black-eyed woman-they were just am fain to confess, of small standing Paradise and the angel in it for me. in the church. I left that esteemed Not but what she had her faults; she holding, under its enfolding blandness, ets of the faith I could not hold to. and sharp with her tongue. But I I am nothing if not honest, and I was never cared-just let her sputter and too honest to preach doctrines with all of which I could not agree. I left the church as a pastor though I have never deserted it as a disciple, and have striven to live up to its standards."

He paused, and Dominick, feeling that he spoke sincerely, said:

"That was the only thing to do." "So it seemed to me. I left the town where I was living and moved ences of a friend, I obtained a posionant voice. Through that, I obtained this work and received the stipend of thirty-five dollars a week. It was fair nick.



Then the Woman You Saw Here Las Night Was Your Wife?"

"It was at this stage of my career that I met the lady who became my wife. We lived at the same boardinggant, well-kept place, and Mrs. Heeney a lavely woman of one of the best southern families. It was at her table

woman in the house who could beat her for looks and style. Besides that, she was a fine conversationalist, oruld talk as easily as a book on any sub-ject. If I brought her a novel, she'd read it and have the whole plot at her fingerends, and be able to talk it all over, have her own opinions about every character. Oh, she was an accomplished, fascinating woman. lished, fascinating woman, if I say it myself! Any man might have taken to her. She was for ever telling me about California, and how the wanted to get back there-" "California?" interrupted Dominick.
"Did she come from California?" "From here from San Francisco

She was a native daughter of the state thing for you, nothing would give me and the town. I was interested in Cal-greater pleasure. Let me hear what ifornia myself at that time, though I'd never seen it, and we'd talk of that and other things till, bit by bit, we drifted nearer and nearer together and the day came when we were en gaged. I thought that was the happiest day of my life, and it would have been if she'd stayed true to her promises."

The clock struck the single silver; note of the half-hour and Dominick beard it. He was interested in the story, but he had only another halfhour to give, and said as Buford paused:

"Go on. It's very interesting. Don't stop."

"The first step in our married life that seemed to me strange, that cast, not what you'd call a cloud, but a shadow, over my happiness, was that she insisted on keeping the marriage secret. She had several reasons, all day by the sitting-room fire. I remem- of which seemed good and sufficient her it all as clearly as possible now." to her. She said her people would That was the time-the only time not like her marrying a stranger far away from home, and that they'd cut another occasion I spoke to that lovely up very ugly when they heard it. Her principal reason, and the only one non, on the matter, and told her more that seemed to me to have any force, was that she feared she'd lose her job. She had it on good authority that the firm where she worked wouldn't employ married women, and if they knew she'd got a husband who was making a fair salary, they'd give her the sack. Whether it was for all the reasons together, or for just this one I don't know, but she'd only marry me if I'd solemnly promise to keep the matter secret. I'd have promised her undeniably interested, and feeling him- anything. She'd out and out bewitched me.

"So we were married and went to housekeeping in a little flat in a suburb. We had our mail sent to our old address at Mrs. Heeney's. She was Looking at the carpet, a heat of in- in the secret, the only person who was. We had to let her know because professional pomposity of his manner, of the letters, and inquiries that Buford began slowly and solemnly: might have been made for us from time to time. We were married in the winter, and that winter was the happiest time of my life. I'll never for get it. That little flat, and that little fizz till she'd worked it all off and then I'd take things up where they were before the eruption began. It was a happy time-a man in love and a woman that keeps him loving-you can't beat it this side of Heaven.'

Dominick made no answer. The actor for a moment was silent and then with a sigh went on.

"I suppose it was too good to last. Anyway, it ended. We'd lived that to Chicago where, through the influ- way for six months when in the becinning of June the Dramatic School tion in a school of acting and elocu- failed and I lost my job. It came on tion. I instructed the pupils in voice us with almost no warning, and it production. You may have noticed sort of knocked us out for a bit. that I have an unusually deep and res- wasn't as upset by it as Mrs. Carter was, but she-"Who's Mrs. Carter?" said Domi-

"My wife. That's my name, Junius Carter. Of course the name I use on the stage is not my own. I took that in the Klondike, made it up from my mother's and the name of a pard I had who died. Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Carter took it hard. She couldn't seem to get reconciled to it. I tried to brace her up and told her it would only be temporary, and I'd get another place soon, but she was terribly upset. We'd lived well, not saved a cent, furnished the flat nicely and kept a servant. There was nothing for it but to live on what she made. It was hard on her, but I've often thought she might have been easier on me. I didn't want to be idle or eat the bread she paid for, Lord knows! tried hard enough to get work. I tramped those streets in sun and rain till the shoes were falling off my feet. But the times were hard, money was tight, and good jobs were not to be had for the asking. One of the worst features of the case was that I hadn't any regular line of work or profession. The kind of thing I'd been doing don't fit a man for any kind of job. If I couldn't do my own kind of stunt I'd four in the building." have to be just a general handy-man or stevedore, and I'm not what you'd call rugged.

"It was an awful summer! The heat was fierce. Our little flat was like an oven and, after my long day's tramp after work, I used to go home just dead beat and lie on the lounge and not say a word. My wife was worn out. She wasn't accustomed to warm weather, and that and the worry and the hard work sort of wore on her, and these were evenings when that I met the girl who was destined she'd slash round so with her tongue to have such a fatal influence on my that I'd get up, half dead as I was. life. She was a stenographer and and go out and sit on the door-step till typewriter in one of the largest firms she'd gone to bed. I'm not blaming in the city, earning her twenty dollars her. She had enough to try her. a week, as she was an expert and not Working at her machine all day in to be beaten in the state. She was that weather would wear anybody's very pretty, the brunette type of temper to a frazzle. But she said beauty, black-eyed, and as smart as a some things to me that bit pretty exceedingly surprised and intrigued, steel trap. She was as dainty as a deep. It seemed impossible it could pink, always wall-dressed and up-to- be the same woman I'd got to know

could make such a difference! With it we were in Paradise; without it we were as near the other place as people

can set, I guess.
"Well, it was too much for her. She was one of those women who can't stand hardships and she couldn't make out in the position she was in. Love wasn't enough for her, there had to gentle be luxury and comfort, too. One day you." came home and she was gone. No," in answer to a look of inquiry on Dominick's face, "there was no other man. She wasn't that kind, always as straight as a string. No, she just couldn't stand the grind any longer. She left a letter in which she said some pretty hard things to me, but I've tried to forget and not bear malice. It was a woman half crasy with heat and perves and overwork that wrote them. The gist of it was that she'd gone back to California, to her sisters who lived there, and she was not coming back. She didn't like itmarriage, or me, or Chicago. She was just going to throw the whole business overboard. She told me if I followed her, or tried to hold her, she'd disappear, hinted that she'd kill herself. That was enough for me. God knows if she didn't want me I wasn't going to force myself upon her. And, to have my shoes patched, much less

buy a ticket to California. "After that there were some dark days for me. Deserted, with no monev. with no work, and no prespectstell you that's the time the iron goes down into a man's soul. I didn't know what was going to become of me, and I didn't care. One day on the street I met an old chum of mine, a fellow called Defay, that I hadn't seen for years. He was going to the Klondike, and when he heard my hard-luck story. he proposed to me to join forces and go along with him. I jumped at it, anything to get away from that town and state that was bunted with memo ries of her.

"It was just the beginning of the gold rush and we went up there and stayed for two years. Defay was one of the finest men I ever knew. Life's all extremes and contrasts: there's a sort of balance to it if you come to look close into it. I'd had an experience with the kind of a woman that breaks a man's heart as you might a pipestem, then I ran up against the kind of man that gives you back your belief in human nature. He died of typhoid a year and a half after we got there. I had it first and nearly died; in fact, the rumor went out that it was I that was dead and not Defay. As I changed my name and went on the stage soon afterward it was natural enough for people to say Junius Carter was dead.

"I was pretty near starving when I drifted on the stage. I had learned some conjuring tricks, and that and my voice took me there. I just about made a living for a year, and then I floated back down here. I never played in San Francisco till now. I acted on the western circuits, used to go as far East as Denver and Kansas City and then swing round and the circle through the northwestern cities and Salt Like. I managed to make a living and no more. I was cast in parts that didn't suit me. The Klondike Monologue was the first thing I did that was in my line."

"Did you never see or hear of your wife?"

"Not a word, I didn't know whether she was dead or living till last night." Buford raised his eyes and looked plercingly into the young man's face. Dominick forgot the time, his engage ment. Berny's anticipated entrance He drew himself up in his chair and said in a loud, astonished voice:

"Last night? Then the woman you saw here last night was your wife?" The actor gravely inclined his bead.

"I saw my wife," he said solemnly "last night at Deledda's restaurant It was entirely by accident. I liked the Mexican cooking and had been more than once to that place. Las night I was about to enter the back part of the restaurant when I saw her sitting there alone in the corner. For a moment I could not believe my eyes. got behind a lace curtain and watched her. She was changed, but it was she. I heard her speak to the watter and if I'd never seen her face I'd have known the voice among a thousand. She'd grown stouter and I think even prettier, and she looked as if she were prosperous. She was well dressed and her hands were covered with rings. When she went out I followed her and she came straight here from the restaurant and rang the bell and came in."

"Are you sure she didn't go into one of the other flats? There are ing what to say, speechless and

"No, she came in here. I compared the number on the transom with the address you'd given me on the card!" "What an extraordinary thing! said Dominick. "It's evidently some one my wife knows who came to see her that evening, probably to keep her company while I was out. But I can't think who it could be."

He tried to run over in his mind which one of Berny's acquaintances the description might fit and could think of no one. Probably it was some friend of her working-girl days, who had dropped out of her life and now, guided by Fate, had unexpectedly

"It's certainly a remarkable coin cidence," he went on, "that she should have come to this flat, one of the few places in the city where you know the people. If she'd gone to any of the others-" A ring at the bell stopped him.

Now we'll beer who it was."

For a moment they both sat silent, listening, the actor with his face looking sharp and pale in the supense of the moment, the muncles of his lean cheeks working. The rustle see a crack of light and coul of Berny's dress sounded from the her moving about in the room.

orchid pinned on her bosom, stood in the aperture, smiling.

Buford's back was against natural. But he saw her plain as a ed forward, crying:

She drew back as if struck and lence of the flat: made a movement to drag the portiere over her. Her face went white to the dinner I don't want any." lips, the patches of rouge standing pasted on the sickly skin.

"Who-who's that?" she stammered, turning a wild eye on Dominick. "Mr. Rxan," the actor cried, beside anyway, she knew fast enough I himself with excitement, "this is my away. He thrust into a value such couldn't follow her. I hadn't money wife! This is the woman I've been articles as he would want for the me? Junius Carter?"

> hardly form the words. "I never saw desk. As he passed Berny's door, it him before. I don't know what he's flew open and she appeared in the talking about. Who's Junius Carter?" aperture. The room behind her was a Dominick, who had been staring from and pouring a flood of radiance over one to the other in blank astonish the clothes outspread on the bed, the ment. three years. I don't understand-"

> ried in Chicago, that I've been telling way staring at Dominick, her face you about, that I saw last night at pinched, white, and fierce. the Mexican restaurant. Why, she can't deny it. She can't look at me ruptly. "Going away?" and say she doesn't know me-Junius Carter, the man she married in the sight of the dreaded apparition Methodist chapel, seven years ago, in Chicago. Bernice-

He approached her and she shrank

back.

of Berny's dress sounded from the stairway and grew in volume as she slowly ascended. The two men rose to their feet.

"Come in the den for a moment, Berny," Dominick called. "There's a gentleman here who wants to see you."

The rustle advanced up the hall, and the portiere was drawn back. The midst of his packing when the Chinaman summoned him to disner. The rustle advanced up the hall, ruthlessly poisoned his life. He was and the portiere was drawn back. Bernice, brilliantly dressed, a mauve Chinaman summoned him to disner. but he told the man he cared for nothing and would want no breakfast on the following morning. The servlight, and, for the first moment she ant, who by this time was well aware only saw him as a tall masculine out that the household was a strange one, line and her smile was frank and shrugged his shoulders without comment and passed on to the door of his picture and before Dominick could mistress's room, upon which he frame the words of introduction, start- knocked with the low, deferential rap of the Chinese domestic. Berny's voice sounded shrilly, through the si-

"Go away! Let me alone! If that's

The sound of her voice plerced out on her cheeks like rose-leaves Dominick with a sense of loathing and horror. He stopped in his packing, suddenly deciding to leave everything and go, go from the house and from her as soon as he could get talking of! Bernice, don't you know night and set the bag by the stairhead while he went into the parlor to "He's crazy," she faitered, her lips find some bills and letters of his that loose and tremulous they could he remembered to have left in the "This is my wife, Mr. Buford," said blaze of light, and every gas-jet lit "We've been married nearly chairs, and the floor. She, herself, in a lace-trimmed petticoat and loose "It's Bernice Iverson, the girl I mar- silk dressing sack, stood in the door

"What are you doing?" she said ab

"Yes," he answered, stopping at the 'That's my intention."

"Where are you going?" she de manded. He gave her a cold look and made

no answer.



"Keep Away From Me," She Cried Hoarsely.

hoarsely, stretching out a trembling hand. "I don't know what you're talking about. You're crazy. Junius Cal ter's dead-" then suddenly turning on Dominick with a blazing look of fury-"It's you that have done this! It's you, you snake! I'll be even with you yet!"

She tore herself out of the folds of the portiere which she had clutched to her and rushed into the hall and into her own soom. The banging of the door behind her shook the house The two men stood as she had left them, staring at each other, not know-

CHAPTER XXI.

The Last Interview.

The night was falling when Buford left. He and Dominick had sat on in the den, talking together in low voices. going over past events in the concatenation of circumstances that had led up to the extraordinary situation in which they now found themselves Both listened with strained ears for the opening of Bernice's door, but not sound came from her room. Each silently, without expressing his thoughts to the other, wondered what she would do, what sensational move might now be expected of her. While they talked, it was evident she intended to make no sign of life.

After Buford had left. Dominick the worms in the suds and it will kill called up his friend on the telephone them. Do this half a dozen mornings. telling him that he would be unable to meet him at dinner. He knew that

"Are you going to your mother's?" she cried.

He moved forward toward the parlor door and she came out into the passage, looking after him and repeating, with a tremulous, hoarse persistenge, "Dominick, answer me. Are you going to your mother's?" "Yes, I am," he said over his shoul-

He had an unutterable dread that she would begin to speak of the situation, of Buford, of her past life; that she would try to explain and exone ate herself and they would be plunged into a long and profitless discussion of all the sickening, irremediable wretchedness of the past. He could not bear the thought of it; hewould have done anything to avoid it. He wanted to escape from her, from the house where she had tortured him, where he seemed to have laid down his manhood, his honor, his faith, and seen her trample on them. The natural supposition that he would want to confront her with her deception and hear her explanation was the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

last thing he desired doing.

Killing Cut Worms. You can easily get rid of cut worms around sweet peas by pouring strong soap suds about the roots and picking

up the worms which will come scrambling out of the earth at once. Drop in succession, and you will be rid of

learn English, and perhaps for that | Victoria, that I love Englishwemen all Englishwomen."

> the Queen added: "All Englishwomen are not governesses!"-Youth's Companion.

To which the minister bowed, and

Wanted Land and Husband. She could plow and do all the farm work, and if she got land she would to the minister plenipotentiary of Eng-to the land board of Heathcote, Vice get a husband, was the contention of toria, Australia.

Odd Compact Entered Into by Four teen Pittsfield (Mass.) Girto.

of the "Golden Necklace of the Berk-shires." In 1801 14 Pittsfield girls who had been friends all their lives de-

PASS THE NECKLACE AROUND | loned from 14 large beads, with small-| tingency, however, has never arisen. er ones in between.

It was agreed and determined that as soon as any one of the 14 girls begirls become engaged while another cided that even marriage should not was wearing it, it was decided that riage.

break the bonds. Together they had the necklace should be surrendered Already seven have worn the ornamade for them a golden necklace of to the one who had last announced her ment and it has become known that

The binding together even after Miss Rosamond Hull. Her engagement marriage ties, of the girls who devised the "Order of the Golden Neckcame engaged she should wear the lace," comes in this manner: As soon necklace ubtil her marriage, when it as a girl becomes engaged her initials should be placed in a safety deposit are inscribed on one of the large vault until another fell before one of beads. When she is married those of Cupid's arrows. Should one of the her husband are sugraved on the oppo-

exquisite workmanship. It was fash- intention of register. Such a con- the necklace is assin to be taken from to the effect that she found it hard to

to Harold F. Morse of Binghamton, N. V., was announced by her mother. Remembered Grudge. Queen Wilhelmina's recent visit to Paris has moved the paris correspondent of the New York Sun to tell again

a story of the days when her majesty was the most popular young person-In the revived edition, the story is

its storeroom to adorn the person of reason did not love England. The first map of Europe she drew showed an enormous Holland, a fair-sized Belgium and france, but an almost imperceptible Great Britain. To draw particular attention to the

diminutive island representing England, she wrote below it, "Land of Miss 8." (her English governess). Years later the young queen said

"Be sure to tell her majesty, Queen